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T.R.B. from Washington

What Would You Do?

★ If you were President Johnson, trying to write a State of the Union speech, what would you do? The nation is prosperous, but a poisonous minor war is going on that the country has somehow blundered into. As President, you are intensely political and are aware that a congressional election is coming on. At the same time you are compassionate, patriotic and enormously sensitive to what history will think of you. So what do you do? Well, let's start with the home front.

The Republicans and conservatives are bound to make their point of attack on the budget. It will be a flanking motion, to undercut the Great Society (of which you are very proud) by saying, "We can't afford it in wartime; we must retrench, surrender the war on poverty to win the war in Asia."

Well, as President you bring in your fiscal experts. It looks bad. War-swollen spending will be up to $115 billion perhaps; revenues will be, maybe, $105 billion for the 1967 fiscal year. That means a whopping deficit of $10 billion. Besides promoting inflation it is politically unpalatable. So the busy pencils begin to figure.

Let's restore those excise taxes on automobiles and telephones that we just dropped – $1 billion. Speed up corporate tax collections: they won't pay more (theoretically at least) but they will pay it earlier, and lose interest. That's $3 billion. Then there's another gimmick: speed up collection of pay-as-you-go personal income taxes on a graduated basis. That's good for $300 million extra revenue on fiscal year 1967 bookkeeping. Let's see, how far have we shaved the deficit? It now stands at $5.7 billion after these deductions. Still too high! Well then, let's put our estimated expenditures at only $113.1 billion (instead of $115 billion). It's only a guess, anyway. And let's boost our estimate of revenues by a couple of billion to $107 billion. (After all, war breeds its own prosperity.) So now "our total deficit will be one of the lowest in many years – only 1.8 billion dollars." Provided, of course, as President Johnson said, that Congress "approves every program I recommend," *i.e.* tax increases and faster collections.

We don't say that it was as cynical as all this, but we do maintain that under present conditions accurate forecasts 18 months ahead, for a year ending June 30, 1967, are impossible. Besides, there is an out: "If the necessities of Vietnam require it, I will not hesitate to return . . . for additional appropriations and . . . revenues," Mr. Johnson said.

Well, that may hold them on the budgetary front! And while you are playing President, remember that you have two-to-one majorities in Congress. It's now or never to get some more reform legislation through: urge Congress to expand trade with the Soviet; to aid backward nations "to control population growth"; to tighten Southern juries; to plug holes in the sieve-like Hatch Act on campaign contributions. Yes, and extend terms of members of the House to four years by Constitutional amendment. It's been talked about for years. Everybody knows that it ought to be done.

Actually, Mr. Johnson's proposals are bold and vigorous and far more extensive than most people expected. Nothing withers faster than laurels rested on. Mr. Johnson is still pushing ahead.

The Door Is Open

★ Now comes the second part, the grimmer part. In preparing his message on the Vietnam war, Mr. Johnson has half a dozen conflicting audiences to consider. His purpose, but we can only guess this, is to extricate the US from an impossible situation. For the Hawks he says we will not be driven out; for the Doves he points to his peace barrage; for our ally, the Vietnamese, he says our aid will continue and increase; for Hanoi, and Russia's Shelepin, he says, "Look, the bombing has stopped." and then he adds, and I quote from his speech: "We will meet at any conference table . . . *and consider the views of any group . . .*" *i.e.*, the Viet Cong. This is the furthest Mr. Johnson has ever come in reversing that earlier rigid position that the Viet Cong doesn't exist and is really only a figment of Hanoi's imagination.

It can be said, and it is true, that Mr. Johnson's statement is full of contradictions. I don't believe many serious students will accept his version of how the US got into its fix. On the other hand, for a practicing politician intent on saving his own skin as well as his nation's, our fallible judgment is that he touched all bases and did a commendable job. The President's delivery is a lot better than it was; he has got rid of the sing-song rhythm that we remember two years ago; he spoke slowly and with deep feeling when he described the folly of this preposterous war in Vietnam.

Dirksen's Second Thought

★ From our seat in the press gallery we looked down on Senators Fulbright and Mansfield. They hardly applauded. Neither approves the war, we think. We don't recall in history such a chilling report on a war in progress as that brought back unanimously by Mr. Mansfield's five-man group: three Democrats, two Republicans. Wars are supposed to be fought with breast-beating and hysteria, with wishful thinking and starry-eyed deceit. Mansfield reported with dour understatement that this is an open-ended war; as fast as we escalate they escalate; that if we bomb Haiphong then Saigon becomes terribly vulnerable.

Nobody attacked the report; not a single warhawk took issue with it. It was amusing to see Senator Dirksen's switch after the report had sunk in. He first declared that "we must have capitulation before there is peace," and talked of forcing the Viet Cong to "lay down their arms." After the report, rhetoric seemed to dry up. Senator Dirksen's problem is that he talks loosely and waggishly to reporters and in his role of Senate funny man he finds it hard to resist a good line if he can grab it, which he may later regret.

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Paying for What?

President Johnson thinks this rich country can afford both the war on poverty at home and the war in Asia. "I believe," he said, "we can continue the Great Society while we fight in Vietnam." But the figures he himself gave in his State of the Union message last week sadly belie this confidence. The Great Society is going to mark time, while next fiscal year beginning July, spending on the war in Vietnam is to increase by $5.8 billion – and this doesn't include a last-minute supplemental appropriation of about $12 billion tacked on to this year's military spending. "All the other expenditures put together in the entire federal budget," Mr. Johnson said, will rise by only $600 million. In other words, in the coming fiscal year we are going to spend 10 times faster on the war in Vietnam than on all Great Society programs – schools, slums, crime, pollution, poverty and health. No wonder the President told Congress and the nation that because of Vietnam "we cannot do all we should or all we would like to do" to teach the children, cure the sick and lift up the poor.

What will be gained by rapidly increasing military spending in Vietnam and the corresponding sacrifice of urgent goals at home? Not military victory. The best Mr. Johnson and his Administration now seem to hope for is to ensure that the other side can't beat us on the battlefield. Or, as Senator Mansfield more bleakly put it in his report to the President on Vietnam this month, all of the rapidly expanding American military effort there is barely enough to keep the Saigon regime from slipping still further into the military red. That regime now has control of 25 percent or less of the countryside, and in the past 12 months the war has become more an American than a Vietnamese war. Last week our military in Vietnam pointedly failed to advise the South Vietnamese of an American and Australian drive against the "iron triangle" area that the Viet Cong hold close to the capital city of Saigon. The Vietnamese high command was kept in the dark about the American plan, in an attempt, which apparently failed, to prevent the Viet Cong finding out about it in advance. The Viet Cong, as usual, slipped silently away before superior military force – as no doubt they will do before our new tank battalion that has just been dispatched to Vietnam.

Of course Mr. Johnson wants to get out of such a futile war if he can. But what are his and our chances of doing so? He told Congress last week that he is ready to discuss anyone's four points or 14 points or 40 points, will consider the views of any group, meet at any con-

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ference table, work for a cease-fire now or once discussions have begun. He said we stand by the Geneva agreements of 1954 and 1962. He has said all that before. What hasn't been answered, publicly, is whether Washington, or Saigon, is willing to negotiate a direct settlement with those who are in effective control of about two-thirds of South Vietnam's territory and almost half the South's population – the Viet Cong.

Are these adversaries foreign invaders, aggressors from the North, whom the whole South loathes, as Mr. Johnson seemed to be saying in several parts of his message? According to Senator Mansfield, the Viet Cong recruit in the South, and since the buildup of American forces in South Vietnam began they have managed to recruit more Southerners than ever, while the high rate of desertion from the South Vietnamese army shows no sign of decreasing. Can it be that a good many South Vietnamese regard not the Viet Cong but the Americans as the foreign invaders?

The President states we now have 190,000 American fighting men in South Vietnam. The Viet Cong have about 230,000. They will go on increasing their numbers if we do; and they are guerrilla fighters so we shall need about 10 times more men than they to "win." That is why a military victory is impossible, unless we are willing to adopt a policy of genocide toward a majority of the Vietnamese people, North and South. Mr. Johnson is not willing to do that. He says that in spite of those billions more dollars we are going to spend, he wants to limit not extend the conflict; or better, to end it. But that can probably only be done at the conference table, and how are we to get there? Not by refusing to recognize political and military facts. The war isn't a simple case of aggression, as Mr. Johnson once again has tried to make out. It's a Vietnamese civil war, or was until we took over. The Viet Cong have a political party, the National Liberation Front. They control most of the South. "The hard fact of the matter is," Senator Fulbright told the Senate March 25, 1964, "that our bargaining position is at present a weak one, and until the equation of advantages between the two sides has been substantially altered in our favor, there can be little prospect of a negotiated settlement that would secure the independence of a non-Communist South Vietnam."

The equation hasn't improved. Senator Mansfield concludes that the United States can't secure a victory for Saigon, even if Americans do much or most of the fighting. The way to the conference table is to agree to talk directly to the Viet Cong, who hold the countryside, and to try to negotiate a settlement with them that takes into account our control, still fairly effective, of almost all the cities and, therefore, of rather more than half the South's population including about a million refugees. That is more realistic than driving blindly on into a general war in Asia.

"Matching" Funds

Most people are readier to accept the benefits of good works than help pay for them; readier to inveigh against federal encroachment and to glorify "local rights" than to take local responsibility. As a striking illustration, virtually the whole burden of supporting the program for conserving soil and water resources is on federal shoulders. It is a direct burden in the case of federal lands, and also an indirect one, through local districts that are formed under state law, but almost solely to receive and to administer federal grants.

Recently the National Association of Soil and Water Conservation Districts added up the national total to be spent on this type of work during this fiscal year. It came to almost $1.1 billion, of which the states contribute overall only about $21 million as "matching funds," or about two cents for each federal dollar. Five states alone account for nearly one-half the $21 million – California, $5,934,000; Indiana, $891,000; Connecticut, $1,451,000; Oklahoma, $925,000; Massachusetts, $970,000. All other states contribute on the average only about a nickel per person.

It is noteworthy that some of those with the worst erosion problems contribute the least: South Dakota, $18,409; New Mexico, $99,000; Wyoming, $25,000; Montana, $32,500; Alaska, $2,150; Nevada, $21,550. Mighty Texas weighed in with $300,000. Leave-it-to-the-states Arizona put up $10,000.

Some single counties get more federal money than the total contribution to conservation made by their state legislatures. Matching funds? Local responsibility? Words on paper!

Squeeze Play

Some US companies have so long had Peru all to themselves that they rather resent the idea that the Peruvians might be entitled to a piece of the property. International Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, has for 40 years held exclusive rights to exploit the La Brea and Parinas oil fields in the eastern section of the country. When IPC's "perpetual" rights and preferential tax status became a political issue and it looked as though the company would have to share earnings with the government or face expropriation of the oil fields, it complained to the State Department, which obliged. Agency for International Development loans to Peru amounting to $24.1 million in fiscal 1964 were quietly cut to $1.5 million in 1965. It was a clear signal to Peru's Congress and President Fernando Belaunde Terry: Go easy on Esso.

The so-called Hickenlooper amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961 requires that all aid be

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denied any country expropriating American property without "speedy" and full compensation. But that mandate did not apply to Peru. Washington could well have waited for the parties to iron out their differences (as Dean Rusk officially pretended the US was doing) before taking punitive action.

Peru has a healthy economy and one of the truly progressive and generally pro-American governments in Latin America. Other sources of financial aid (including loans from the Inter-American Development Bank), as well as the housing, road building and agrarian reform programs of President Belaunde have not been sacrificed to the severe cutback in US assistance. The real loser is the United States. A domestic alliance for profits proved stronger than the foreign Alliance for Progress.

Arrests in Russia

We noted last month the arrest in Russia of Andrei Sinyavsky – author of an excellent introduction to the poetry of Boris Pasternak and one of the best of the literary critics appearing in the *Novy Mir* – and of Yuli M. Daniel, a translator also associated with that journal. As of the time we wrote, the arrests had not been mentioned in the Soviet press, nor have they yet been. However, a wire service dispatch from Moscow in early December reported that 200 Russian students staged a demonstration on behalf of Sinyavsky, a teacher at the Gorki Institute of World Literature.

It had been rumored that Sinyavsky, using the pseudonym of Abram Tertz, was the author of two books published in the West – *The Trial Begins* and *The Makepeace Experiment* – and that Daniel's work too had appeared outside the Soviet Union, under the pseudonym Nikolai Arzhak. No proof of this has been forthcoming; neither writer has yet been tried. But on January 3, an English-language broadcast from Moscow to the United Kingdom confirms that Sinyavsky and Daniel are indeed under arrest and alleges they are "Tertz" and "Arzhak." The broadcast illustrates how very far the Russians are from Marx's "Kingdom of Freedom," and how wide, too, the gap still is between Soviet and Western ideas about the role of the writer and the permissibility of dissent.

Sinyavsky and Daniel are accused of much evildoing by the Soviet commentator. For example, they are said to have sent manuscripts abroad only in order to get rich; but since no Soviet citizen may, without official permission, receive money from abroad, no business acumen is here demonstrated. Sinyavsky and Daniel are charged with being "often almost illiterate" and lacking "literary merit" – a disputable yet serious allegation; one, however, hardly justifying imprisonment. If mediocrity were a crime, many Soviet writers whose works have been published – even abroad – would have cause to fear for their freedom.

The damning allegation, of course, is that these two writers have spread malicious stories; which is to say they have written unflatteringly about the Soviet regime. Says the commentator, "Libel is a crime in all civilized countries, even when it is directed against a single individual, let alone a country of more than 200 million people." There may be a civilized country which upholds a legal concept under which a citizen can be punished for libeling a whole nation, but we have not heard of one. Moreover, a standard defense against the charge of libel is truth. Can one believe that at their trial, Sinyavsky and Daniel will be permitted to defend themselves by stating freely and publicly what they honestly think are the realities of Soviet society?

To those in the West who have been encouraged by signs of greater artistic freedom in the USSR and who have hoped for closer communication between themselves and Soviet intellectuals, it is jolting to be told over Moscow radio that these men are where they are today because of the insistence of "intellectuals in Russia," when in fact they are the victims of fearful bureaucrats. The commentator has "no intention of anticipating what judgment will be pronounced." But we can be sure, he concludes, that "their punishment will undoubtedly have the backing of the Soviet public."

Sentence first, verdict afterward.

Brown vs Reagan

In moments of crisis, mild-mannered Edmund G. Brown is Superpat. He rips off the disguise of a genial but befuddled politician and tears his challengers to shreds. Three times in the past eight years – with Bill Knowland, "Goody" Knight and Richard Nixon – he had reduced the most powerful Republican in California to helplessness.

Ronald Reagan is the newest antagonist in California's Pop politics, and he is perhaps Brown's most formidable opponent. He has been campaigning unofficially for governor all fall, and now he has gone on statewide television to announce his official candidacy. More precisely, *he* has not gone on television, but his high-powered PR consultants, Spencer-Roberts, made a half-hour film that was shown simultaneously on 15 California television stations. It was a slick, carefully-edited curtain-raiser, as befits Reagan's dramatic pretensions. He made coy, self-deprecating remarks about his acting career; when he came to California's agriculture problems he suddenly produced a bottle of catsup and waved it meaningfully in illustration of his point.

Reagan is thought a safe bet to win the Republican nomination, against former Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, and a few other less well-known

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hopefuls. Against Brown, he will have a more difficult time. Brown has political practice on his side: California voters have consistently rejected right-wing candidates for major office, from Knowland in 1958 through Goldwater in 1964. Reagan has some political theory on his side: the Democrats are badly split between an antiwar party and the regulars (the issues run deeper, of course), and between the politicians of Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh's camp and those following the Governor. Now Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch, an undistinguished and colorless politician whom Brown appointed to fill a vacancy, is being challenged in his first electoral fight by a young Democratic attorney crusading for consumer interests against private power monopolies. If the Democratic fights alienate more voters than the Republican right-center fault, Reagan may slip in.

Governors find it hard to maintain their popularity, and California's governors, faced with that state's super-colossal problems, rarely run more than twice. Only Earl Warren was elected to a third term. Pat Brown is trying to equal the feat. He has Watts and smog and water and peace demonstrators to contend with, all these and Reagan too.

Saltonstall's Successor

When Senator Leverett Saltonstall, at 73, decided the time had come to quit, he ended a tradition of Yankee patrician Republicanism in Massachusetts and ignited one of the liveliest Senate races in the country. His successor will most likely be an aggressive, articulate and ambitious 46-year-old – either Boston's Democratic Mayor John F. Collins, who made known his designs months ago, or Edward W. Brooke, Republican attorney general, who announced his candidacy 24 hours after Saltonstall said he would retire.

Each man is a paradoxical figure. Brooke, the nation's highest Negro officeholder, has been elected overwhelmingly twice against Democratic tides in a state with a Negro population of less than two percent and a heavy hangover of 19th-Century ethnic bloc voting. The same Bostonians who contributed to Brooke's 800,000-vote plurality in a 1964 Johnson landslide turned around last November and reelected an "anti-busing" school board, ousting the only member sympathetic to the Negro cause.

The paradox of this appeal gladdens the hearts of national Republican leaders, who see in Brooke a chance to bury forever the specter of the "white backlash." An even happier aspect of Brooke's candidacy is his total party orthodoxy. Although he defected from Goldwater, he ran clearly as a Republican. Unlike most Massachusetts Republicans, Brooke has always labeled his campaigns "Republican"; he promises to do so this year and has already won support from Goldwater's chief financial backers in the state.

In contrast, Mayor Collins in the last three gubernatorial elections tacitly supported Governor John A. Volpe, a Republican. Last year, he campaigned for Volpe's proposal for a sales tax against the wishes of most Democratic leaders and the party platform. But Collins' maverick reputation enhances his image as a tough, courageous mayor who has united the hostile tribes of a feudal city behind the nation's most ambitious urban renewal program. (The reputation for courage is aided by Collins' polio affliction, which keeps him on crutches and in a wheelchair.)

The mayor's unique position in his party derives from the absence of any political debt owed the Kennedy family. He was elected in 1959 over the opposition of John F. Kennedy and has remained the only alternate Democratic power center to Senator Edward M. Kennedy. An entente between Collins and Kennedy will be difficult, since this year must see the redemption of Kennedy's campaign promises to unite and strengthen the party. "I'm not going down to Washington after the election and retire," he often said in 1962. "I'm going to be active in this party." Kennedy's activity in the six-man gubernatorial race has produced a prospect of the traditional Democratic hemorrhage, even though the next governor of Massachusetts – the first to serve a four-year term – can vitally affect the legend and reality of national Kennedy power. (Last summer, Collins asked the Senator's support for governor; Kennedy refused.)

In the senatorial race, then, Collins expects no comfort from the 2-1 Democratic edge in registrations. The campaign will probably center on two issues: the federal porkpie and the Negro revolution. On "doing more for Massachusetts," Collins will point to the stream of federal funds pouring into his city's urban renewal program. On Negro rights, Collins has done little and Brooke even less. The mayor intervened – unsuccessfully – at the last minute when the Boston school board indicated it would do nothing on de-facto segregation and took no stand on a new state law withholding state aid from cities with racially-imbalanced schools. However, Brooke took no stand on the law either, and is generally regarded by the local Negro leaders as an Uncle Tom.

But Brooke will benefit from a "conscience backlash," descriptive of the enormous majorities he has received from voters whose bigotry on more immediate local issues is manifest. No matter how skillfully Mayor Collins conducts his campaign, this tangle of prejudices remains an imponderable.

MARTIN F. NOLAN

MR. NOLAN *is a reporter in the Washington bureau of* The Boston Globe.

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Thoughts of Young Radicals

Raising the Question Of Who Decides

I'm not sure that there is a new left, and if there is I'm not sure I'm in it. I do know there are people around the country who've enabled me to keep working over the past few years. From that work I've come to have some thoughts which I'm glad to share, although I'm not sure how clear they'll be.

My work has been with the poor. The main thing I've learned has been to see the world from their perspective: from the bottom. Being on the bottom means not only that you have no power over the forces that shape your life; it also means that because you want to eat, you want some power.

From watching that struggle by the excluded and from watching them gain access to traditional routes to power (the vote, education) I've seen that entering those routes doesn't make any real change in their lives. This leads me to think that it's not the case that most people have power and a few are excluded. It's the case, rather, that no one has real power to shape his own life, but most people are comfortable enough not to care. It's only through trying to create change that we've learned how much change is necessary and how rigid the country is. To infuse dignity and equality into the lives of the poor would involve radical rearrangements in the economic patterns of ownership and control and in the now sterile and nearly meaningless patterns of representative democracy.

Within this context the question of whether there's a consensus in the country favorable to social progress is not nearly so important as the quality of mind that informs that consensus. I suppose most Americans think Negroes shouldn't be shot, that hungry people should be given some help through a poverty program or welfare. But if one assumes the people on the bottom are human beings and looks at the programs from their perspective, the programs are paternalistic and based on a very deeply-rooted ethnocentrism. The way the thinking seems to run is that the poor person who is supposed to be "helped" can't really manage his own life very well, much less anything else, and isn't capable of democratic decision-making. He has to be "lifted" to "our level" at which point he is "ready" for "democracy." This premise is the basis of welfare and poverty programs and extends to our dealings with most nonwhite or non-middle-class people (including American Indians, American Negroes, the Vietnamese). The reason for this attitude of ours, I think, is that rather than people changing institutions to meet their own needs and desires, people through institutions are shaped to meet the needs of those with power. It is to the benefit of American economic power (from the cotton interests in the South to the Rockefeller interests in South Africa) to foster the view that the poor aren't "qualified" for self-government. Liberals and intellectuals seem to try to modify this position somewhat, so that what emerges is the outlined view of the "lifting" of people so they'll be "ready." And being "ready" means being ready to fit into existing patterns of power relationships in the country, exercise a meaningless vote periodically, and, above all, not embarrass anyone (especially "America in the eyes of the world") by raising any basic questions about who should qualify as full human beings and how society can be shaped to assure a person's being treated as a human being.

So within the consensus the debate and solutions are very limited. You can talk about giving the Southern Negroes the vote but not the land, even though their relationship to the landowners is precisely what causes their condition. You can talk about giving welfare recipients larger budgets. But you can't suggest they should control the welfare department, even though it is the paternalism and the bureaucracy which degrade them and keep them in the cycle of poverty. In short, you can't talk about a kind of democracy in which those who are affected by decisions make those decisions, whether the institutions in question be the welfare department, the university, the factory, the farm, the neighborhood, the country.

That kind of power shift is what I think would make society healthy and whole, if that is what is meant by a prescription. But the more important question is, I think, how do we get there? Or, what should I work on? What should I do and how, given a consensus that I'm not part of? The first task, I think, is expanding the group of people really committed to democratic change: increasing the number of people committed to full-time organizing, enlarging the group who will work on political activities even though they aren't involved in a radical vocation, helping people relate their professions to the movement.

All of this is toward the end of creating institutions of power for those who have no power, whether they be in the universities, in the slums or citizens at large concerned about lack of control of the economy and foreign policy. In trying to build such institutions for the poor I think we've learned a few things about building and sustaining a radical movement: People need institutions that belong to them, that they can experiment with and shape. In that process it's possible to develop new forms for activity which can provide new models for how people can work together so participants can think radically about how society could operate. People

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stay involved and working when they can see the actual results of their thought and work in the organization, so power must be distributed equally if large numbers are to be organized. Traditional parliamentary methods are beyond the experience of many of the poor, and in addition their use tends to create factions and a "win" psychology rather than building a cohesive group. It's hard for many of the poor to function in large groups, where demagogic traditions tend to prevail, but everyone can participate in small groups. Leaders tend to yield more rapidly than the base to pressures for modifications of the group's goals because they have to meet outsiders directly in their capacity as spokesmen; rotating leadership and a strengthening of each person's faith in the value of his own opinions can halt leadership sellouts. Bureaucracies tend to assume power, as they have access to funds and information; electing administrations and leadership on a rotating basis helps assure democratic control of funds and knowledge. People then tend to resist society's arguments that they be "responsible" (*i.e.*, responsive to those with power) and they then tend to turn to each other for strength. Organizers, too, need their own organizations, which must provide emotional and intellectual, as well as material, subsistence.

These things we've learned from work in the movement in turn shape our view of what the world could be like. I've read about some of these ideas in articles about the New Left and they always sound very mystical. They're not, at least for me. They are rooted in experiences of organizing and are very concrete. They are the base for whatever ideas I have about how society could function more humanely.

The groups that are being organized are primarily vehicles for giving political power to the poor. Electoral and party politics can't give much real power at this point; so few people are ready to entertain ideas for needed changes that radicals can't get elected, and if they could they would be outvoted or otherwise curtailed in their activities. However, political candidacies are an organizing device and provide a forum for the ideas and methods of a new politics, one in which those who are elected are really responsible to a constituency. It may well be that in the next few years some courthouses in the South can be won, and then the people can see how far they can and will go with putting radical ideas into concrete political action. What will happen if a Negro tax assessor in Podunk, Alabama, finally taxes the textile mill there? And will the people be ready to set up their own communal factory in the vacant building when the company pulls out?

But by and large now we can only raise questions about who decides. That is beginning to happen, but not nearly so much as some writers for left journals would like to believe. That it's happening at all is what I consider hopeful. It's a small hope. I don't know if we can make those qualitative changes that must occur if people's lives are not to be spent asking for the right to a decent life or trading their integrity for material needs, rather than each of us giving to the other.

CASEY HAYDEN

CASEY HAYDEN *"got into the movement in 1960 when sit-ins came to Texas and I was a teaching assistant doing graduate work in literature." She has been with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee since the spring of 1963, and plans to return to Mississippi "to work on a visual aids project."*

The Dying White South

by John Osborne

Anderson, S. C.

Here in the city and county of Anderson, approximately at the center of the up-country belt which lies eastward of the Appalachian ranges, stretching from Virginia through the Carolinas and across Georgia and Alabama into Mississippi, the white South is dying in quiet and, for those who take notice, instructive torment.

Here and in hundreds of other Andersons, the death struggle seldom makes news. In South Carolina as elsewhere in the South, the low country along the coasts and in the deltas seems to generate more racial repression and violence more often than the up-country commonly does. It is hotter down there than up here, for one thing, and most of the Negroes are there, where most of the cotton (and, in South Carolina, the rice) used to be grown. In old Charleston on the coast, where there has been violence, 51 percent of the people are Negroes. In Clarendon County, where federal voting registrars are busy and one of the school desegregation cases of 1954 originated, Negroes outnumber whites by almost seven to three. In both the county

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(pop. 98,500) and city (41,000) of Anderson, where there has been no violence and Negroes have voted for years, whites outnumber Negroes four to one.

Here, if anywhere, the case for gradualism and its corollary, minimal federal intervention, is to be found. A Negro candidate for the city school board got 6,000 votes not long ago. Sixty-one of the 2,638 Negroes in the city's public schools exercised their "free choice" last fall and are now in previously all-white schools. The teachers in the all-Negro schools are proud of them and view the rather remote prospect of their abolition with concern. The dean of the city's Negro leaders, a prosperous physician who has some white patients, says, "The white people here have done more for us than we have done for ourselves." The boldest of the local leaders, a Baptist minister who is suspected of revolutionary tendencies by many whites, asks for nothing more drastic than a little "free-choicing" by white children into Negro schools and a few more Negroes on the city police force, which now has two.

Among those from afar who conclude Anderson is coming along all right are federal officials who visit to check up on progress toward nondiscrimination, and managers who migrate here with the new industries which are rising among the traditional textile plants. Some of the officials find themselves pleading the community's cause to their militant colleagues, and the managers, finding that they like things as they are, tend to become more Southern than the natives. There is just enough concession to racial decency to satisfy decent men who forbear to look below the placid surface.

But the appearance is illusory and fraudulent. The case to be found in Anderson is a case for maximum federal intervention, across the maximum social range with the utmost zeal and speed. There is not the slightest chance that anything else will rid Anderson, and the many Southern communities like it, of the sickness eating at its heart.

Beneath the racial quietude here there still is denial and repression as cruel, if not as crude, as any practiced in the lowest lowlands of the storybook South. There is strife of a kind more common in the South than is generally realized; not so much strife between the two communities, white and black, as within each of them, and the worst of it rages within the white community. The conventional whites whom a visitor encounters in Anderson deny, in standard Southern fashion, that they hate their "nigras." They hardly trouble to deny, because denial would be so clearly absurd, that whites hate whites.

"Racism" in its simple meaning is the essence of the sickness, but it does not describe the total ailment. The total is a compound of many prejudices and attitudes. They vary from inbred resistance to change (in an area that boasts of its economic growth, which entails change), to fear among the better-placed Negroes that they will lose the little they have, and fear among the whites of what a Mississippi editor, Oliver Emmerich, calls "the great what ain't" – the glandular and driving fear of blackness.

The recent history of Anderson shows the peculiar and dual nature of the ailment. It is deep-seated, consuming, and it will kill the victim if it is not arrested. Yet it is quickly cured when the necessary corrective is applied. The corrective is superior power – power preferably from outside, inexorably imposed, leaving the beneficiary no alternative to acceptance of it.

The only relevant power is federal power. In its principal forms – enacted laws, court decisions and money – it and it alone has moved Anderson the little way it has gone in the past few years toward the bare beginnings of a just society. The inquirer seeks in vain for one individual, one institution of whom it may be said that he or it has moved voluntarily and effectively toward that goal, or even pronounced it to be a goal. A few individuals have tried to take the community a step or two, granted, but they have done little more than present vulnerable targets for the dominant whites and so, in effect, to retard rather than advance the unstated cause.

A "Free Choice" Plan

The city's public schools offer an example of the way in which federal power can work, even when applied as mildly as it has been in Anderson. Thanks in part to gentle Negro leadership, no litigation or other pressures disturbed the city's totally segregated system of 14 white schools and five Negro schools until last year. But the system's governing body, a board of nine elected trustees, knew very well that court action could not be forestalled forever and that, when it came, the sure result would be rapid integration. All of the board's factions, from extreme conservatives to ambivalent moderates, were prepared to await that prospect and do nothing until it was upon them. Then came the threat last spring of a withdrawal of federal funds, amounting in this instance to some $230,000 of the $3.2 million being spent on the schools this year. The board unanimously voted to do whatever it had to do to keep the money, and tacitly agreed that it would do nothing whatever that it did not have to do. Even this position had to be justified to white Anderson, and the justification was that the federal money was buying only what the law or the courts eventually would make the city do anyhow.

First the trustees, in common with those in some 35

JOHN OSBORNE *was born and raised in Corinth, Mississippi, and lives in Washington, D.C. He is working on a book,* The Old South, *as well as on a biography of James Forrestal.*

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other South Carolina districts, submitted to Washington a "free choice" compliance plan modeled upon a recent federal district court decision which gave the board five handy pretexts for rejecting Negro requests for transfers to white schools. Dr. W. Henry Cone, the Georgia-born superintendent of the district schools, endorsed this transparent flimflam as "a big first step forward." But the federal Office of Education rejected it and demanded a new plan which the trustees obediently presented. It provides at least technically genuine free choice but leaves the burden of exercising it entirely upon Negro students and parents. It also commits Anderson to some preliminary thinking about faculty integration, a step that will be taken only when school authorities are absolutely compelled to take it.

The current aftermath tells much of white Anderson. Dr. Cone, a modestly venturesome educator who spends a lot of his time pleading with federal authorities to go easy, is suspected within the board and in the city of doing the little he is doing in the way of integration because he believes in it and not merely because he has to do it. He recently arranged for one of his Negro teachers, a big and jolly and immensely dedicated woman, to attend a national conference on adult education in New York. When she returned, one listener to her report, noting her happy recital of her first ride in an airplane, her first national conference, her first trip out of the South, was moved to tears. But a conservative school trustee, ticking off evidence that Dr. Cone "is moving too fast in this thing," contemptuously cited his "sending that nigger woman up to New York" as one count against him. His contract, renewed in 1965 for only one year on downright insulting terms, is again up for renewal. Perhaps three trustees and a few other citizens, representing what passes for enlightenment in Anderson, are fighting hard to keep him. If the contract is extended, it will be in part because some of the trustees are afraid that his dismissal would bring the dispensers of federal money down upon them.

No Room for Head Start

One of the counts against Dr. Cone is his part in bringing to Anderson one of the few Head Start programs for preschool children tolerated in South Carolina last summer. It was a great success, seeming to arouse remarkably little white opposition, with Negro children intermixed with a few white children and an integrated staff. The whites in Anderson who care about such things – some do, and are profoundly hated for it – entertained hope that it was a real stride into the future. They applied for federal funds to finance a year-round countywide program and sought space in places that included white and Negro churches. The few Negro churches with usable space offered it immediately. Not one of the white churches in Anderson offered space. The governing bodies of several of them specifically and unanimously voted to bar Head Start from their precincts. One of these was Central Presbyterian, a handsome and spacious city church in Anderson's best residential area. The wife of the pastor, like him born in Georgia, had volunteered to be the program's full-time director. He pleaded with a meeting of his Session of Elders to admit Head Start to that particular House of God. They refused, partly on the ground that the church was one place where the federal government could not yet force its will. The meeting ended, according to a layman who was present, with some of them praying aloud for forgiveness of the sin committed by them that day.

"Anderson is changing," people say, some with pride and more with resignation. So it is, but only to the extent that it is made to change. Among those who quietly work for change, yet regard its slow advent with apprehension, are many of its Negro schoolteachers and principals. They comprise the bulk of the salaried and professional Negro middle class (there are only two Negro physicians and no Negro lawyers in the city). It is humanly necessary for them to believe, and they say that they do believe, that they give the children in their charge "a good education." When a visitor suggests that their testaments to this effect could be used as an argument for segregated schooling, they recoil as from a blow upon a raw nerve. The teachers I encountered – the most interesting people I met in Anderson – said in impassioned rebuttal that they had lived with total segregation and knew its evils as I (a white Mississippian) could never know it. One who said this is a third-grade teacher in her mid-thirties, college-trained, reared and living in relative comfort, a teacher in Anderson for most of her adult life. In 1965, attending the integrated faculty meetings now required by federal authority, she set foot in a white school in Anderson for the first time. Also for the first time, she had recently been in a few white homes. She has every reason to believe, as she does believe, that she could compete on more than equal terms, as a teacher, with white colleagues. But what she saw in the white schools, invariably better equipped and maintained than the Negro schools, and in the white homes, imbued with an assurance denied to her, made her conscious as she had never been before of all that she had missed because she was born a Southern Negro. It made her wonder how she would fare with the white children in those schools, from those homes.

"Sometimes," she cried in anguish, "I think that I've got to go back and live my whole life over!"

As I left, she stood at the door of her pleasant bungalow home, weeping.

"You don't know what it is," she said. "You *can't* know. You have to live it, you have to live it!"

Her words were with me as I returned to the center, quiet on that mild winter night, of sleeping Anderson.

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State of the Congress

by Andrew Kopkind

Radio newscasters reported a "tense and troubled" Congress returning to Washington, and *The New York Times* felt a "somber mood" on Capitol Hill on the eve of the second session. But the Representatives and Senators were not, apparently, hearing and reading their own reviews. The atmosphere in the two chambers at noon on opening day, and later in the members' offices, was buoyant and expectant, almost giddy, like the first day of school after Christmas vacation. Throughout the ceremonial first hour of House business, Speaker pro tempore Carl Albert (John McCormack was away attending to his brother's funeral) gaveled furiously to quiet the members. Before him there was an explosion of expressive gestures: arms flailed, hands shook, mouths grinned, teeth flashed. Congressmen are particularly attracted to arm-grabbing as an expression of respect and esteem; from the gallery, the House floor looked like a vast wrestling ring at the beginning of a mass match.

If they had followed their form sheets closely, the congressmen would have known that they were perplexed and preoccupied with Vietnam, and that they would soon have to choose between "guns and butter" ("guns and oleo," said one Democrat). The members do have much on their minds, principally (in the case of all the Representatives and a third of the Senators) reelection in 10 months' time. Many congressmen get remarkably little mail about the war, and those returning after a season of recess speech-making report that – aside from college campuses and an occasional pacifist tea party – constituents rarely bring it up. One Democrat has received only one letter on the subject in the past month. He recently made a score of speeches in his Midwestern congressional district and discussed the war only once, in a meeting with dedicated antiwar protesters. The Kiwanis, the Rotary and the women's club didn't much seem to care.

Many congressmen themselves are, however, in varying measures and in different ways, disturbed by the war. The liberal "doves" – a distinct minority – may be deeply anxious about the military commitment. A few members from districts with sizable and active protest movements hear quite a lot about it, and some may be faced with "peace candidates" as opponents. But the role of Congress in foreign affairs is traditionally minor. There is little to do but react to the President's conduct of the war. There has been some talk of hearings on Vietnam – most notably by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and by a group of liberals on the House Foreign Affairs Committee. But the Administration's "peace-a-rama" has dried the springs of rebellion, and any activity that might evolve would be in the nature of a scholarly congressional teach-in, with State Department witnesses and perhaps some of the more "noncontroversial" academic students of Asian politics going over old ground.

For despite the rhetoric that congressional leaders like to use ("Congress will not sit idly by . . . etc.") the members, as always, will be preoccupied with what they do best – grind out the legislation that they themselves or their leaders propose, tend to the politics of extending their power in Congress, and please the folks back home. At best, most members can give about 10 minutes' thought a day to problems of war and peace. They have a million other things to do. Already on opening day, dozens were posing for pictures on the Capitol steps, worrying about this river or that harbor, or helping a constituent get a foot in a downtown bureaucrat's door. Early in the week, committees began to caucus, and members started to plump for their pet projects. Except for a handful of intellectual, reflective Senators who are on the verge of retirement and remain above the routine of legislative work, members are happiest when they are engaged in activities in which their effect can be felt. For the most part, that will not include foreign affairs in this or any Congress in the conceivable future.

Any Congress is roughly half ceremony ("Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege last week to send a telegram of greetings and congratulations to a couple in my congressional district who celebrated their 80th wedding anniversary on January 5. These remarkable people are Mr. and Mrs. Ole Sholeberg of Fergus Falls, Minn., who represent the strength of the pioneering spirit that made this Nation so great"). About 40 percent is routine, or at least predictable legislative mill work. The remaining time and energy is used to give each session its distinctive character. Most of the time it is wasted. Last year, the Democratic leadership, with the undying support of freshman members and liberals, and at least the mild approval of the opposition, made maximum use of the small area of option. There were few set-

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backs, and the record of accomplishment was in many ways staggering.

By all accounts, the second session will be less ambitious, and therefore less productive. Because that 10 percent of free-play time is at the disposal of the Administration, hard predictions cannot be made until all the Presidential messages – from budget to health and transportation and urban affairs – are delivered. But there are obvious areas of interest, mostly holdovers.

The stickiest item remains repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which now allows states to pass "right-to-work" laws prohibiting the union shop. Repeal passed the House last year and was held up by a filibuster led by Everett Dirksen in the Senate. The Administration had enough votes for repeal and not enough for cloture. The lineup this year is not expected to be appreciably different. What may make a difference in the outcome is first of all the determination of the Democratic Administration to repeal the troublesome law and be done with it, and second, the essential whimsicality of the opposition. Big business, the traditional source of Republican opposition to labor, is by and large unmoved by right-to-work arguments; the contemporary style in labor-management relations is accommodation, not hostility. Dirksen's position is based in the romantic notions of the Goldwater "individualists" and free enterprisers, and in the economics of racism (keeping Negroes from organizing) in the South. Labor leaders hope that Senate Democrats bring up 14(b) early in the session, in order to make a filibuster unpopular with members who want their own favorite bills passed.

There are two other labor measures which may finally surface this year. Liberals will try again to increase the minimum wage from a low $1.25 an hour to perhaps as high as $1.75; the Administration is reported to be seeking a compromise of $1.50. An Administration bill would also apply uniform federal standards to state unemployment compensation programs.

Education-minded members have to fight again for a school construction program (last year's measure covered only one year), and more appropriations for various aid-to-education projects, including the Teacher Corps, which was stranded without funds at the end of the session. So was the rent subsidy bill; Democratic leaders in the House will be scratching for money for that, too. Home Rule for the District of Columbia, which was emasculated in complicated House maneuvering, will be up again for the ninety-ninth time. The eternal battle of the foreign aid bill will doubtless be fought again, and it looks as if Senator Fulbright will finally give up that ghost; he threatened to abdicate his leadership of the bill last year but could find no stand-in (he didn't look too hard).

So much for old business. The State of the Union message suggests that new legislation is not likely to constitute more than a large parenthesis to last session's bold statement of Great Society goals. The President wants a new Transportation Department; a Civil Rights Act of 1966 would cover housing discrimination, safety of Negroes and white activists in the South, and jury selection. Mr. Johnson mentioned anti-strike controls (presumably aimed at Mike Quill), and "temporary" restoration of excise tax cuts. None of that will be terribly popular. The New Housing and Urban Development Department will ask for more urban renewal. Foreign aid may now include funds for birth control. And the President drew the biggest hand – and the loudest laughs – with his proposal for four-year House terms. He'll have the Devil's own time getting it.

This is not a promising session for basic legislative change. Indeed, members may spend most of their time arguing about what Republicans used to call "invidious federal spending." Soon after his State of the Union speech, the President is expected to request a supplemental appropriation for military spending – to pay the bills up to June – that may amount to $12 billion. (Presumably Defense Secretary McNamara has longer advance warning of this year's Defense Department supplement than he did of last summer's, when he was notified only a day or so in advance of the President's request. Both he and his friends in Congress were furious.) With the supplemental appropriation bill may come a request for a reaffirmation of the faith Congress

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put in the President's Asian policy in August 1964 (shortly before Barry Goldwater could make the Administration's lack of a "win" policy in Vietnam a campaign issue). "The President's been waving that battered resolution around for a long time," a Democratic Representative said. "I guess he wants a new one." Senator Robert Kennedy, who has been playing a circumspect game of cat and mouse with the Administration (the assignment of roles is sometimes unclear), may see the debate over a new resolution, or at least over the supplemental appropriation, as an opportunity to question the President's handling of the war.

Appropriations is much more of a problem in Congress than battles over one or two bills suggest. The appropriations committees of both chambers, particularly the House, are major points of departure on the map of Congress. That layout changed drastically last January, from previous years, and it has undergone subtle variations since.

The famous, or notorious, conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, which had generally controlled the House, and often the Senate, from time out of mind, was abruptly curtailed with the election of a slew of liberal Democrats in the anti-Goldwater landslide. But the coalition has not been replaced by a comparable monolith of power. The liberals of the House Democratic Study Group, which was formed in 1956 and functioned as a coherent, if only occasionally effective minority while the conservatives were up, was ill-suited to continue as the dominant congressional force when its own side was at bat.

The DSG had rallied its strongest support around rules reform. In the absence of any strategy (or interest) for doing work at the local level to make modern legislation politically popular, DSG types concentrated on changing the structure of Congress to give progressive legislation a better chance of slipping through. The effort was not entirely in vain, but it took a huge political upheaval – the Johnson campaign – to bring them in sight of their objectives. Their finest hours were the first of the 89th Congress, when they dismantled the obstructionist power of the House Rules Committee, by making it possible for a majority of members to call up legislation after 21 days of cooling in Rep. Howard Smith's icebox. In the same sweep, they more or less "packed" important committees with "good" Democrats. It was easy, of course; the new party ratios in the House opened up a great many vacancies. And the DSG suddenly saw that they comprised a majority of House Democrats.

Such are the ironies of politics, that the seeds of weakness were already sprouting in the liberals' success. The new coalition turned out not to be a monolith but a fluid and shapeless mass. The conservatives were united in their ideology of obstructionism; in the liberal camp a hundred flowers were in bloom.

It was difficult, and not particularly sensible, to go much beyond the Administration's proposals. It is no accident (as they say in Peking) that the voting record of Majority Leader Carl Albert and the policy positions of the DSG turn out to be remarkably similar. On the tough issues, on which the Administration was either silent or opposed, a DSG consensus was impossible. Members split on the challenge of the Mississippi Freedom Democrats to unseat the lily-white regulars. Agreement on reapportionment is also hard to find among the liberals. There could be no stand on Vietnam, or the Un-American Activities Committee. On some nettlesome, if minor issues, where a united stand could have made a difference in passage or defeat of bills, the DSG made no moves. The Selden Resolution, a ghastly bit of nonsense which seems to authorize the President to send troops to whatever Latin American country he finds "subversive," went by without the "study group" members or staff knowing anything about it. The cigarette labeling bill, which was passed in craven deference to the tobacco lobby, was for some reason unworthy of DSG attention.

Two Principal Factions

Certainly, the 180 DSG members helped the President put his program across; but they did so not as a power bloc, and so they undermined their own permanent effectiveness. It might have been better if they had opposed the leadership on an issue or two, if only to secure their own independence. This year the liberal coalition is in worse shape. There are two principal factions: one more "ideological," the other more "political," but in fact they differ essentially in their ideas about the uses of congressional power. The first group (typified by Reps. William F. Ryan of New York and Don Edwards of California) believe in exerting their own and their liberal constituents' influence from the outside to force specific issues (Freedom Democrats' challenge, anti-HUAC). The second (typified by Reps. Frank Thompson of New Jersey and John Brademas of Indiana) are ready to seek an accommodation with other blocs to allow for smaller, incremental legislative changes.

The conservative coalition still maintains some strength, noticeably in the committee structure, and particularly on the House Appropriations Committee. The tyranny of the Deep Southern chairmen has been broken, but the seniority system holds, and if the succession has now passed to Upper South and border states congressmen, there is still a great deal of difficulty getting new legislation accepted. George Mahon of Texas may be a pal of the President, but his voting record does not follow the Administration line (one congressman overheard Mahon vividly denounce the immigration bill to Mr. Johnson last year). Mahon's

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committee held up appropriations on the Teacher Corps and the rent subsidy program last year; they were two of the session's few novel ideas that were not holdovers from the New Frontier.

The Republicans in the House remain a sorry lot. In their hour of despair, they too have fallen into squabbling among themselves (in their outsider days, the liberal Democrats, at least, had a measure of unity). The position of Gerald Ford, the minority leader, is famously insecure. Many Democrats still like to work with his deposed predecessor, Charles Halleck. (Judge Smith and Charlie Halleck successfully killed the Home Rule bill last fall. Ford could bring along few Republican votes in opposition to them.) Melvin Laird, the Republican Whip, is widely believed to be fomenting a revolt against Ford, possibly for next year.

Life is less frantic in the Senate, but the same pluralistic model is followed. The Club, which Sen. Joseph Clark described so sharply a few years ago, is no longer the hallowed sanctuary it once was. Harry Byrd Sr. has flown away. There are several clubs that now make up the Senate Establishment, and even Senator Clark is in one – the "old liberals." There is a club ("the young liberals") for Kennedys (the two brothers K and Senators Bayh and Tydings constitute the executive committee; others come and go), a club for "moderate" Southerners and a club for the immoderates, a club for Eastern "modern" Republicans and a club for the Midwestern old-fashioned ones. There is a club for the hawks (Senators Dodd, Mundt, *et al.*) and a club for the doves (Senators Gruening, Church *et al.*). Senators can, and do, belong to more than one club. Some have more standing than others, but like the system at Princeton, everyone can now belong if he wants to.

Where Consensus Breaks Down

by Hans J. Morgenthau

President Johnson has consistently referred to the consensus of the American people as the ultimate source of the legitimacy and of the rightness of his policies. He likes to cite public opinion polls for the purpose of disarming his critics and proving that his policies are right. Thus the will of the government supported by popular consensus is called upon to fill in the substantive lacunae in the scheme of the Great Society. The Great Society, then, is whatever the government wants it to be, provided that popular consensus supports it. This consensus delineates the outer limits of the Great Society's substance. What the consensus refuses to support, therefore, gives rise to political conflict which is by definition excluded from the Great Society. At this point the requirement of consensus is at war with even the quantitative requirements of the Great Society.

American society has indeed reached a consensus on the general principles of the Great Society, such as equality of rights and opportunities, the abolition of poverty, the restoration and beautification of our cities, the qualitative improvement of American life. The consensus on the first two of these principles is at bottom nothing more than the reaffirmation of the principles upon which this nation was founded; the first of these principles was reaffirmed once before, a century ago, in the legislation of the Reconstruction period which has in good measure remained a dead letter. What is new is an apparently vigorous attempt at putting these hallowed and neglected principles into practice. Yet in the measure that these principles are being put into practice, they are bound to challenge the very reality of consensus.

The Great Society, in the measure that it is "great," is bound to be a society radically different from that in which we live today. New submerged social forces will rise, competing with the forces of the status quo. In the measure that they enjoy the vigorous support of a powerful government, they have an edge in that competition. The realization of equal opportunities for all and a successful war against poverty are tantamount to the creation of a large new labor force, competing in a shrinking labor market on equal if not favored terms with those at present gainfully employed. The restoration of our cities under government auspices implies radical change in the control and the values of real estate. Public mass transportation can only be established at the expense of the private motor industry and its subsidiary industries. The systematic shift of an economy of scarcity to one of abundance, in which the government will provide all with the necessities of life, will shift the gravity of economic power from the private to the public sector.

It is utopian to expect that such a radical transfor-

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mation of the power structure of American society will be supported by a consensus. It can only be achieved as the result of a series of strenuous and violent social conflicts. These conflicts are likely to produce novel political alignments which will render meaningless the traditional juxtapositions between capital and labor, right and left, conservative and liberal. More likely than not, the united front of capital and labor will defend the status quo against domination by an all-powerful government from above and disintegration through the infiltration of a large new labor force from below.

Thus it must soon become obvious that the Great Society and consensus cannot be had at the same time. The price to be paid for the Great Society is social conflict, and those who prize consensus above all else cannot help but sacrifice the Great Society on the altar of consensus. President Johnson, verbally committed both to the Great Society and to consensus, must choose, and that choice will become the more imperative as he approaches the threshold of the Great Society. However, President Johnson seems to believe that he can escape that choice, that he can have the Great Society and consensus, too. He is led to this belief by a basic misconception of what consensus means for a democratic society. This misconception results from the confusion between two concepts vital to democratic government: consensus and consent of the governed.

All politically civilized societies owe their continuing existence to a consensus concerning the foundations of society. The possible objectives of that consensus range from the general character of that society and government, its personnel and procedures, to the concrete objectives of policy; typically, the consensus emerges out of a struggle between antagonistic and frequently incompatible conceptions of what the consensus should be. Thus the citizens of a democratic society conclude among themselves, as it were, a social contract in which they agree upon their common purposes, the procedures by which these purposes are to be effectuated, the institutions which are intended to serve them.

It is on the common foundation of this consensus that the political controversies between parties and interest groups are fought out, and it is only by virtue of this consensus, in which all partake, that the disputants can afford to submit to the arbitrament of the vote and the decision of the courts. For what separates them concerns not the foundations of society, the ultimate interests and values for which men will kill and die, but only issues, which, while important, do not decisively affect those ultimate interests and values. Consensus provides a setting, restraining and relativizing, within which political conflicts can be fought out without endangering the existence of political society itself.

Consensus may arise from conflict, such as international or civil war, but once it has been achieved, it is not subject to change by the democratic processes. Quite to the contrary, the democratic processes are predicated upon its continuing and unchanging existence. It follows that dissent from the consensus is tantamount to opting out of the political society which has been built upon it, and that active opposition to the consensus is tantamount to treason. A republic, for instance, can afford to tolerate some adherents of monarchy as marginal eccentrics, but it cannot afford to tolerate a political movement seeking to replace the republic with a monarchy.

Johnson's Basic Confusion

Consensus must be sharply distinguished from the consent of the governed. Consensus is the general precondition for any civilized government; the consent of the governed is the precondition for a particular democratic government. The consent of the governed does not concern itself with the fundamentals of the democratic polity, which it takes for granted as vouchsafed by the consensus, but with the specifics of a particular democratic government as at a particular point in time. Without consensus no civilized political society can survive; without the consent of the governed a democratic government cannot survive in power. The dissent of the governed, in turn, is far from being tainted with the stigma of disloyalty since it rises from the common foundation of consensus, is a prerequisite of democratic vitality. The vitality of democratic competition is predicated upon the chance, in principle open to all, that the dissenters of today may carry the day tomorrow. Thus competition for the consent of the governed is the very lifeblood of democratic politics. A democratic government from whose policies or personnel the governed withhold their consent must either change its policies and personnel or make way for another government enjoying that consent. A democratic government, in order to pursue its policies and to govern at all, must be ever solicitous of the consent of the governed.

The philosophy of the Great Society confuses consensus and the consent of the governed. The Johnson Administration seeks for its policies a consensus while it is entitled only to the consent of the governed. It is forced into this confusion through its commitment to

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HANS J. MORGENTHAU *directs the Center for the Study of American Foreign and Military Policy at the University of Chicago. His latest book is* Vietnam and the United States. *The above article is taken from a paper prepared for the Arthur F. Bentley Seminar on the Great Society, at Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University.*

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two mutually exclusive goals: the Great Society and the avoidance of political conflict. These goals can indeed be pursued simultaneously only if the consent of the governed is equated with consensus and, in consequence, dissent with disloyalty. From these illicit equations two policies follow with logical necessity: the elimination of dissent by bringing the full powers of persuasion and intimidation of the government and of the mass media supporting it to bear upon the dissenters, and the ostracism of the recalcitrant dissenters.

The domestic opposition to the Vietnam war has provided the opportunity for putting this mechanism of the creation of consensus into practice. Large numbers of members of Congress have been silenced by actual threats or the fear anticipating such threats. The labor unions have been brought into line by similar methods. At least one great newspaper has been pressured into supporting or at least but mildly criticizing the policy to which formerly it was strenuously opposed. To mention but another example of which I have personal knowledge: a former prominent member of the Administration and then a private citizen was reprimanded on the express orders of the President after he had testified before a Congressional committee expressing some reservations about our policy in Vietnam. The attacks upon my competence as a scholar, appearing simultaneously in the most diverse places, point to a central inspiration aiming at silencing or at least discrediting me. More effective in creating a mass consensus than these individual instances, which could be multiplied many times, is a general climate of opinion which, while paying lip service to the virtue of democratic dissent, treats dissenters from the consent of the governed as though they were dissenters from the American consensus.

Dissent Becomes Alienation

These attempts at transforming the consent of the governed into a consensus will not be successful. For the survival of freedom in totalitarian societies, most strikingly revealed in the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, has taught us that the desire to be free is as fundamental a human aspiration as the desire to live, to love, and to have power. More particularly, the desire to be free, as a counterpoise to the pull toward conformity, is built into the very foundations of American society. This dissent, as an expression of freedom of thought and action, will survive in this country. But if the present trend continues, it is bound to change its position within the political spectrum and the function it fulfills for American society. For in the measure that the government closes the legitimate channels of democratic dissent and equates legitimate dissent with disloyalty and treason, dissent will tend to become what the government supposes it to be. Despairing of competing on an equal footing for the determination of American policy, denigrated by the government and its eager volunteer servants, driven by the general public to the fringes of American society, what began as dissent from the consent of the governed is bound to end as dissent from the American consensus. The burners of draft cards, the wavers of Viet Cong flags, the advocates of Viet Cong victory have already taken that step; others are likely to follow by taking the place outside the American consensus the government has assigned to them. Their position toward the American consensus from which these and similar individual acts of alienation from American society spring is that of Abraham Lincoln when he wrote to Joshua Speed on August 24, 1855 with reference to a possible victory of the Know-Nothings: "When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some other country where they make no pretence at loving liberty – to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

Once the policies seeking to realize the Great Society clash head on with the measures aiming at transforming the consent of the governed into a consensus, the government will face an insoluble dilemma. If it persists in building the Great Society, it will have to cope with defections on the part of substantial segments of the population whose values and interests will be adversely affected by the new policies. The large bloc of citizens for whom consensus and the consent of the governed have become identical and who support whatever the government proposes, will be opposed by another large bloc which, unable to defend and promote its values and interests from within the American consensus, will oppose the consensus from without. What should have been a civilized political conflict within a consensus shared by all will then threaten to become a civil war between two incompatible conceptions of what the consensus ought to be. Thus a false conception of the functions consensus ought to perform for democratic society will rend the Great Society asunder.

If, on the other hand, the government desists from building the Great Society beyond the point at which it commands consensus, it will not build it at all. For it will not be able, as we have seen, to attack the roots of the evils it seeks to remedy without giving battle to the powerful groups whose interests and values block the road to the Great Society. Thus regardless of what we shall do, we cannot have the Great Society and consensus at the same time. And even if we choose consensus over the Great Society, we are likely to see consensus dissolve in social conflict, if not civic disorder. For those segments of the population whose hopes and expectations have been aroused by the promises of the Great Society may not passively reconcile themselves to the continuation of a status quo which they have learned to consider intolerable.

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Capote in Kansas

by Stanley Kauffmann

Here is a readable, generally interesting book about four murders in Kansas in 1959. If the author were John Doe, literary consideration could well end there. One might perhaps add that some of the writing is overripe, much of the detail is extraneous "color," some of the handling of material injudicious, and that a 343-page true-crime chronicle which does little more than recount a crime is inflated. Beyond that, however, the treatment, the style, the result would preclude extensive criticism.

In Cold Blood
by Truman Capote
(Random House; $5.95)

But extension is inevitable here because of Truman Capote's reputation, the bruited years of preparation, the advance publicity (the book was praised three years before completion by Mark Schorer in his introduction to a volume of Capote's selected writings).

It is not flogging of the author with the publisher's blurb to quote: "*In Cold Blood* . . . represents the culmination of [Capote's] long-standing desire to make a contribution toward the establishment of a serious new literary form: the Non-fiction Novel." This view has been vociferously put forward by the author himself in an interview in *Life*, January 7, 1966 (of which more later). The stated aim is worth discussion, but that Capote has accomplished it is untrue. When I reviewed his selected writings in this journal (February 23, 1963), I noted that he seemed to me an author in search of a character, that his affinity with non-fiction was evident, that his forthcoming book might provide the role as writer for which he has observably, if not consciously, been looking during all his professional life. *In Cold Blood* is not a happy conclusion to that search, if it is a conclusion. The role in which it puts Capote is less than one could have hoped for. The book has been executed without the finesse of which, at his best, he has been capable, and it is residually shallow.

It tells the story of the murders of a Kansas farmer named Herbert Clutter, his wife, his teen-age son and daughter by two men named Hickock and Smith: of the criminals' detection, trial, eventual execution. The men had never previously seen any of the Clutters and had never been in the west Kansas town of Holcomb. They were ex-convicts who had been tipped off by a fellow-prisoner to what was thought to be a rich haul from a wealthy farmer. In fact, the killers took "between forty and fifty dollars" in return for four corpses.

Capote's structural method can be called cinematic: he uses intercutting of different story strands, intense close-ups, flashbacks, traveling shots, background detail, all as if he were fleshing out a scenario. There is nothing intrinsically defective in the method (although it seems the most obvious choice); but its mechanisms creak here because the hand of the maker is always felt, pushing and pulling and arranging. The chief defect, or imbalance, in the structure is that by page 74 we know that four people have been butchered by two degenerates and we wonder what in the world is going to occupy the remaining 269 pages. Just a detective story? Some psychoanalytical delving?. The account of the trial and appeals and execution? All of these are included, of course, but none of them is sufficiently interesting to justify the length accorded them. All of them are overdone, except the psychological inquiry, which is insufficient.

There are attractions in the book. The narrative has impetus, although it is diluted in the latter sections. Western Kansas – wide, flat, almost a separate sovereignty – is well established, a notch all its own in the Bible Belt. Some of the characters are vivid, such as Nancy Clutter, the cheerful, scrubbed, healthy daughter. There are snatches of simon-pure flavorful dialogue. A lunchroom owner (a woman): "Some people say I'm a tough old bird, but the Clutter business sure took the fly out of me." Holcomb's 75-year-old mail messenger (also a woman): "Lots of boys would like to be mail messengers, yes-*sir*. But I don't know how much they'd like it when the snow's high as old Mr. Primo Carnera, and the wind's blowing blue-hard, and those sacks come sailing – Ugh! Wham!" One of the quotations is unforgettable. In his confession Smith said of Clutter: "I didn't want to harm the man. I thought he was a very

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nice gentleman. Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat."

But it is ridiculous in judgment and debasing of all of us to call this book literature. Are we so bankrupt, so avid for novelty that, merely because a famous writer produces an amplified magazine crime-feature, the result is automatically elevated to serious literature just as Andy Warhol, by painting a soup-carton, has allegedly elevated it to art? (Already I regret writing that; some Capote partisan may take it as the book's pop *raison d'être*, if this has not already been done.) Look first at the writing. Capote demonstrates on almost every page that he is the most outrageously overrated stylist of our time. There is the congenital inability to write straightforward English. The mail messenger seems "younger than her years, which amount to seventy-five." Why not "seems younger than her seventy-five years"? Another woman is "sparsely fleshed." Why not "gaunt" or "spare" or "thin"? There is continual strain for the unusual word, a sure sign of insecurity: "His apartment was not the ideal lair for a would-be author." Does Capote know what "lair" means? If so, will he explain why would-be authors need a different kind from other authors? There is much of the clumsy, crammed, *New Yorker*-type sentence: "Though as yet unpublished, young Hendricks, a he-mannish [*sic*] ex-sailor from Oklahoma who smokes a pipe and has a mustache and a crop of untamed black hair, at least looks literary. . . ." There is, inevitably, much "fine" writing: "Though mud abounded underfoot, the sun, so long shrouded by snow and cloud, seemed an object freshly made, and the trees . . . were lightly veiled in a haze of virginal green." Or the very last line: "Then, starting home, he walked toward the trees, and under them, leaving behind him the big sky, the whisper of wind voices in the wind-bent wheat." (Presumably he decided not to take the sky and the wind voices with him.) This is Reddiwip writing – goo that gushes out under the force of compressed air and that, unless one puts it to the test of taste, looks like the real thing. Capote has also made sure to include what is probably the oldest solecism in English: ". . . an old man who hissed at him: 'Killer! Killer!' "

Sometimes poor writing is separable

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from illumination. In non-fiction, particularly, the distinction between style and content is easier to make than in fiction and is more relevant. But Capote's illumination goes little further than supplying us wth facts – and he has vastly oversupplied facts. Condensation by about a third would have improved the book threefold. He suffers from the current craze for fact-gathering and the inability to "waste" material once he has gathered it. On a television panel a few years ago he made the truthful comment about the Kerouac school of fiction: "That isn't writing, it's typing." One can say of this book – with sufficient truth to make it worth saying: "This isn't writing, it's research."

Thus we get: three pages about the brief friendship after the crime between the dead girl's boy friend and her close girl friend; five pages of biography about a man who merely happens to be a fellow-prisoner of Hickock and Smith in Death Row; extensive cute details of the home life of the detective who solved the case; and much, much more superfluous material.

We do get fairly clear pictures of the two murderers, but this is surely minimal in so long a book; and the portraits, though extended, are not deep. Some of the more penetrating comment comes from biographical statements that the two men prepared and from a long letter written to Smith by his married sister when he was in prison a year before the murders – this letter is the most interesting document in the book. Statements like these, from people not customarily given to writing, are often phrased pungently and contain perceptions that, probably snobbishly, we would not expect. There seems to be an impulse to biography, towards preservation of self on paper, which is buried in the normally unliterate and which is released by an occasion that forces them to write.

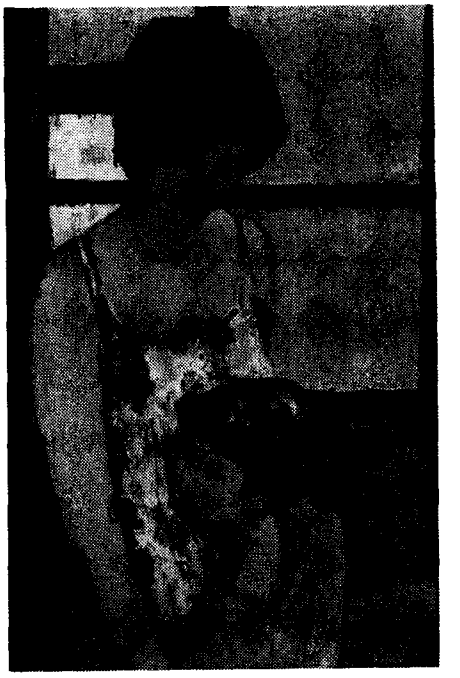
Nevertheless we do not know enough about these two men at the close to justify the time we have spent with them. It is possibly unjust to ask Capote to solve the mystery of criminal behavior when psychologists, penologists, sociologists are baffled, but if some reasonably satisfactory attempt is not made in this direction, then what *is* the justification for such a book? Mere accretion of grisly fact and the thrills therefrom?

Even the deployment of fact, as such, is wobbly. For example, a major point about Hickock – his sexual predilection for little girls – is not even mentioned until Page 201. Again, there is no comment on the odd relationship between the two criminals. Nothing homosexual occurs overtly, but Hickock constantly calls the other man "honey," there were strange feminine jealousies between them, and Smith was sometimes in the same room while Hickock had intercourse with a girl. No Freudian sage is needed to reveal the girl as a surrogate. Capote leaves unexplored this whole area of latent homosexuality.

In the *Life* interview about this book Capote says:

> "My theory, you see, is that you can take *any* subject and make it into a nonfiction novel. By that I don't mean a historical or documentary novel – those are popular and interesting but impure genres, with neither the persuasiveness of fact nor the poetic altitude of fiction. . . . What I've done is much harder than a conventional novel. You have to get away from your own particular vision of the novel."

In itself the statement is ludicrous. (Presumably their "own particular vision" is what hamstrung Flaubert, Proust, and Joyce.) What it all amounts to is the puffery of an artistically unsuccessful writer of fiction pursuing his love of the Gothic (which he established in his first novel and his short stories) into life. Why poetize about mules hanging by their necks from balcony railings (as in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*), which is only manufactured grotesquerie, when you can write fancily about real events leading up to and including two real hangings of men? (I do not suggest that crime should not be chronicled. For comparison with Capote, let me recommend John Bartlow Martin's *Why Did They Kill?*, an account of the impromptu murder of a woman by three teen-agers in Ann Arbor in 1951, which Martin published some years before he left first-class journalism for diplomacy. His 131-page book is superior to Capote's in almost every way, makes some attempt to answer the question in its title, and is devoid of any suspicion of conscious



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self-gratifying aggrandizement into Literature.)

But what lies under Capote's statement and the rest of the interview is the question currently much debated – the present pertinence of fiction; whether the writing of factual books is not more appropriate than fiction to talented writers today, whether the functions of the novel have been historically concluded, whether the context for fiction – social structure, community ideals, accepted cosmology – is lacking. It is my view that, in both old and new modes of fiction, much interesting work is being done today; but the question is valid, and anyone who predicted that the status and health of the novel will be no worse a century from now would be, to say the least, sanguine.

In Capote's book, however, there is no kind of answer to the question. There is little fusion of the insights of art with the powers of fact – not as much use of the novelist's eye as there was, for instance, in *The Muses Are Heard*. We have seen in non-fiction, from Lytton Strachey to Barbara Tuchman, how subjective literary values can enrich the retailing of fact. The Non-fiction Novel is a term that, as such, may stand with "hard-top convertible" and "fresh-frozen food," but it is possibly a worthy ideal, an avenue for writers who feel that the anatomization and re-synthesis of experience is a doubtful process in a society without implicit guidelines. However, there is little in Capote's book to help clear that avenue. He says:

> "I don't think that crime is all that interesting a subject. What could be more cut and dried, really, than two ex-convicts who set out to rob a family and end up killing them? The important thing is the depth you can plunge to and height you can reach."

Agreed. The depth in this book is no deeper than its mine-shaft of factual detail; its height is rarely higher than that of good journalism and often falls below it.

The *Life* article settles one other point. While I was reading the book, I wondered at the absence of photographs. *Life* includes a number of photographs of the victims, the killers, some of the other principal persons and places, and indirectly explains why Capote was wise to leave them out. Any one of the pictures is worth several thousand of his words.

THEATRE

Embarrassment of Riches

The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade
by Peter Weiss
(Royal Shakespeare Company; Martin Beck)

The verse play more popularly known by its short title *Marat/Sade* is a work about which I have my reservations, but it is full of marvelous incident and it forms the occasion for an intoxicating evening of theatre. Inspired by his unusual material, Peter Brook, the director, has fashioned one of the most spectacular stage events of recent times, while the author, Peter Weiss, has provided him with inventive and suggestive dramatic premises. The play is at odds with self in a manner I hope shortly to illustrate, but first I would like to express my admiration for this playwright's image-making power: He has an uncanny instinct for seizing upon central modern obsessions and transforming them, through a process of symbolic compression, into visual art. Ultimately, the play proves too rich for its own blood and fails to realize its extraordinary promise, but not before the author has taken us on a daring invasion of hitherto forbidden dramatic territory.

Weiss has conceived an imaginary

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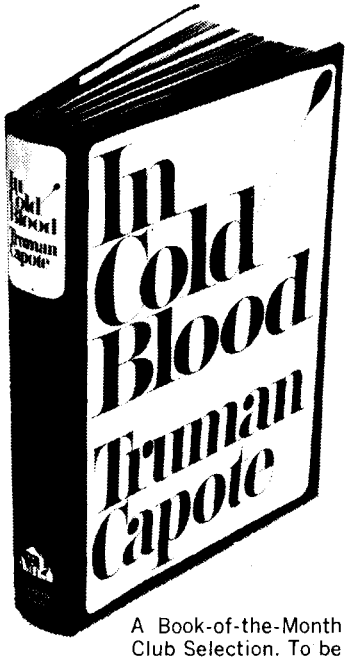

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confrontation between two fascinating antagonists: the Marquis de Sade, a cold voluptuary who attempts to transcend the malignity of Man and Nature through the passionate enactment of crime ("In a criminal society I dug the criminal out of myself so I could understand him and so understand the times we live in") and Jean-Paul Marat, a rabid proto-Marxist French revolutionary, who wants to overcome the malignity of Man and Nature through radical social-political upheaval ("In the vast indifference, I invent a meaning. . . . We can't begin to build till we've burnt the old building down"). The one is an extreme individualist, the other an extreme collectivist, and together they embody a number of crucial antitheses which extend beyond their historic functions: imagination versus action, poetry versus politics, stasis versus progress, anarchism vs communism, the Yogi versus the Commissar. Thus described, the play sounds like a Shavio-Socratic dialogue on the order of Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell;* but the debate between these two men is actually underdeveloped and intermittent, and it is interrupted too frequently to gather momentum. One of the weaknesses of Weiss' design is that in stating and restating his two positions he never lets them engage each other fully. Both Sade and Marat are probably irreconcilable aspects of the author's character (though as a Marxist, he claims to have more sympathy with Marat), but if so, they exist in separate compartments of his brain, and never lock in significant combat.

Instead of developing his theme, Weiss concentrates on his spectacle – the intellectual debate tends to get swallowed up in theatrical delirium. For the confrontation of Sade and Marat takes place not in a tribunal designed for rational discourse but rather in the bath hall of a madhouse. There, Sade (institutionalized for his bizarre sexual proclivities) puts on plays for the entertainment of the director of the Charenton asylum and his family, the amusement of a fashionable audience of sensation-hungry Parisians (represented by the theatre audience), and the therapeutic advancement of the inmates, who function as Sade's acting company. Thus, Marat is not an actual historical personage but rather a figure invented by Sade and enacted by a maniac, while Sade himself functions both as the author-director of the play-within-the-play and as one of the characters in it. There are Pirandellian possibilities here which Weiss exploits by having the mad actors continually falling in and out of their roles; and at the same time that he is exhibiting us the fantastical antics of melancholiacs, erotomaniacs, dribbling idiots, spastics, and paranoiacs, he is subtly suggesting (a suggestion which seems to invalidate his own politics) that human activity is insane, and that human history takes place in a madhouse.

The central event in Sade's play-within-the-play is the assassination of Marat by the young idealist from Caen, Charlotte Corday. Doomed by a painful skin disease to remain immobilized in his tub (a device shaped like a huge black club foot), Marat is visited three times by Corday before she plunges a knife into his side. Weiss frequently interrupts this action with imaginative tableaux and frenzied speeches, including the Sade-Marat debates, mimes of the revolution, execution scenes, musical history lessons, and surrealist episodes out of Marat's past, while at the close of the play, the madmen get out of control, attack the guards, rape the nuns, trample the fallen, murder the helpless, and disperse through the audience. This conclusion is phantasmagoric in the extreme, but it leaves one with unanswered questions. For the theatrical effects have been insufficiently integrated with the intellectual dialogues, and the murder of Marat, while visually impressive, is hardly relevant as a resolution of Weiss' dialectical theme.

There are, in short, divisions in the play which leave one with a divided response to it; and these are nowhere better exemplified than in its mixture of styles. Most commentators have already observed how *Marat/Sade* is a compound of two radically different approaches to the stage – the cool alienation techniques of Brecht and the boiling "total theatre" of Artaud – and we may speculate that each approach proceeds from a different side of the author's nature. As a political animal committed to revolutionary change, Weiss is naturally attracted to the Epic theatre as a medium of ironic disengagement, and he employs Brechian conven-

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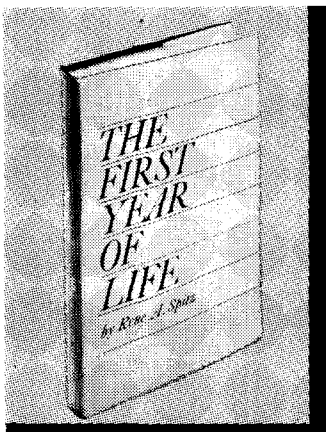

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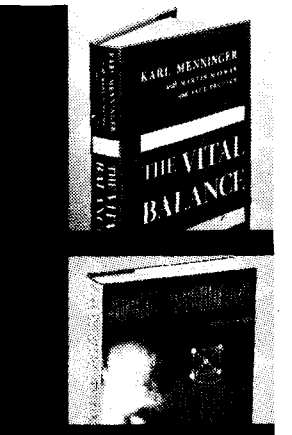

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tions (a Herald who announces the scenes and comments satirically upon them; a chorus of harlequins which provides exposition, historical bridges, and musical interludes) in order to indict the bourgeois spectator, and to awaken him intellectually to the social implications of the action. As an anarchistic theatre poet, however, Weiss is more attracted by the cruelty techniques of Artaud – fits, paroxysms, trances, hallucinations – and he is always tempted to subordinate coherent action to sensational spectacle, using language as a medium of incantation rather than of sense.

Weiss is a master of both theatrical traditions, but he is less masterly in combining them. What results is a double exposure with blurred edges in which the theatre of cruelty accounts for the stronger image. Sade's most important speech, for example – a melancholy diatribe about the withering of individual man under the mechanical uniformity of the State – is delivered while he is being whipped by Charlotte Corday; and since gesture is more arresting in this play than language, the flagellation distracts rather than illuminates. Weiss' conceptual intellect is strong and his visual imagination fertile, but these qualities are still disjunct in him, so that we are left with a scattering of sharp impressions but an artistic experience that fails to fuse.

Peter Brook has understandably elected to emphasize the Artaudian features of the play, and the results are stunning, brutal, galvanic. The action takes place on a raked stage dressed with moveable wooden slats and pocked with deep pits; catatonic musicians in boxes above the stage contribute chamber music, cabaret background, and eerie sound effects; and perched on tiers downstage sit the complacent director of the institution, his timid daughter, and his smirking wife (a typical benefit audience matron who throughout blinks and simpers at the audience without looking once at the stage). Though Brooks keeps the stage in constant motion and the action at a level of frightening intensity, the most hair-raising moment of the evening is the first entrance of the madmen, for they represent a terrifyingly convincing bedlam, partly through makeup (grey faces, scarred skulls, suppurating wounds, elongated and distorted heads, electrified hair) and partly through the most carefully sustained delineation of insanity on the part of all the actors; one talking to herself with her hands held aloft, another staring fiercely at the audience, another suffering involuntary spasms, another continually slavering from mouth to chin. It is a chamber of horrors which would not be out of place in a Hammer film starring Peter Cushing, but the effects are always controlled and almost always organized towards ironic purposes. Brook, as a matter of fact, has chosen to subdue Weiss' cruelties with the result that these cruelties are all the more harrowing and derisive (the text calls for Corday to scourge Sade with a whip but the production has her lash him with her hair; the text calls for a belly to be pierced and arms and legs to be sawn off, but the production offers a comic execution charade, climaxed with the pouring of blood from a bucket – red for the people, blue for the King, white for Marat).

As for the acting, it is all of that impeccably high quality that we have come to expect from British repertory companies, and though it is unfair to single out individuals from a cast which endows the smallest roles with full imaginative life, I should like especially to praise Patrick Magee, frozen, disdainful, slightly effeminate as Sade, with a gentle caressing voice that conveys an infinite fatigue and despair; Ian Richardson as a sometimes vacant, sometimes fervent Marat; Glenda Jackson as Corday, with a piping delivery and a spastic, somnolent walk; and John Steiner as her admirer Duperret (played by an erotomaniac who takes every opportunity to paw her), stringy, licentious, stroking his bulging trousers. The text, which has been translated by Geoffrey Skelton and versified by Adrian Mitchell, has bite, terseness, and color; the music by Richard Peaslee contains sharp Weill-like resonances; and the settings and costumes are beautifully conceived. All these elements account for an evening that

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by Richard Gilman

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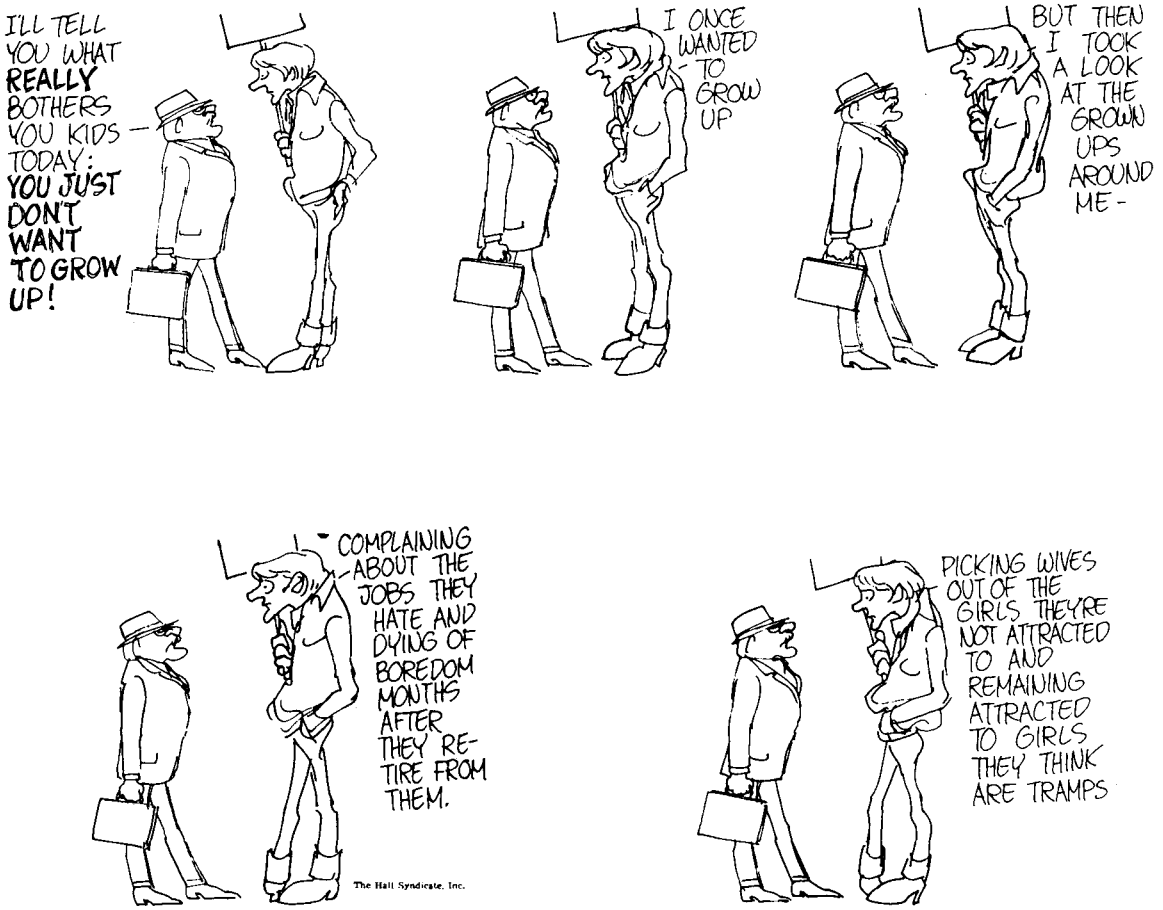
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MISTER, TO MY GENERATION, NOT WANTING TO GROW UP IS A SIGN OF MATURITY.
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makes us remember why we go to the theatre, and makes us want to return, for this is a play that touches on the borders of our secret being. If it doesn't touch our core, then this may be because Peter Weiss has not yet learned to marshal his abundant energies towards a consistent goal, to choose a single artistic commitment from a wealth of possibilities. But if this brilliantly theatrical play finally fails to achieve dramatic art, we can be grateful for once that its defects stem not from an author's poverty of imagination but rather from his excess of it.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Open Season on Scientists

Sirs:

It is always refreshing to read a scientist exhorting his colleagues to get out of the ivory tower before the fortress crumbles, and Eugene Rabinowitch ("Open Season on Scientists," January 1) has offered a well-reasoned, sensible plea in this regard. But I fear that Mr. Rabinowitch has passed off some of the outside opposition too lightly.

The danger of scientists' becoming involved in national decision making is, as John Finney is quoted as saying, that men of science do occupy the position of medicine men in our culture. As a result of the tremendous advances that science has made, its practitioners are often afforded privileged positions outside of their spheres of competence. But being a nuclear physicist does not qualify one for making the definitive judgments on the wide range of cultural and societal problems that we are forced to deal with.

When he starts providing solutions to problems that have not yet even been adequately formulated, a scientist's opinion is no better or worse than that of any intelligent layman or academician. And while scientists cannot divorce themselves from responsibility for what they do, and while they should be encouraged to add their voices and insights to public discussion, the rest of us should not be cowed into believing that the scientific method, even given time, will provide all of the answers to all of the problems which face men.

Lee Dembart
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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Two Cheers for the Fed

Sirs:

It is perhaps an understatement that TRB states his case against the Federal Reserve Board without a clear view to the alternatives. Would the executive branch of government have achieved a more successful monetary policy over the last 50 years? It is doubtful. I would rather subscribe to the view that, "if not three cheers at least two" should be given to the Fed and its operations since it began working in 1913.

TRB's statement, "there is a whole literature of academic protest against the system," suggests that most economists favor abolishing the semi-independent Fed. Such is not the case. One merely has to survey the testimony given before the Patman hearings to conclude that cost economists suggest only limited revisions of the Fed. These revisions consist of four principal items.

1. Make the term of office of the Chairman of the Fed coincide with that of the President of the United States.
2. Reduce the terms of office of Federal Reserve Board members to something less than fourteen years – perhaps to somewhere between four and six years.
3. Eliminate the occupational and geographical qualifications for appointment to the Federal Reserve Board.
4. Take away the disproportionate power enjoyed by the regional banks in the Open Market Committee. The voting members of the Committee should consist of the members of the Federal Reserve Board, plus one or two presidents of the regional banks.

TRB too easily states the problem when he says, "the country often has to make a harsh choice: would you rather have stable prices, and unemployment, or rising jobs and a little inflation?" If these were the only two alternatives of course most would choose the latter. But prices over the last year have not been stable – they will probably rise about two percent in 1965. We have had unemployment – but of a type that traditional across-the-board federal expenditures have only limited success in reducing. The geographical and racial pockets of unemployment across the land need specific federal expenditures aimed at the unskilled. The trickle down notion has not worked effectively enough to reach these people. One must also take account of the fact that as our prices rise the products we try to sell overseas price themselves out of international markets – this too could be followed by a certain degree of unemployment. The partial solution to our gold problem has been achieved over the last few years merely because our prices have remained relatively stable in comparison to our foreign competition.

Federal Reserve policy leaves something to be desired – but it is far from being "intolerable."

Harold M. Goldstein
Assistant Professor of Economics
Northwestern University

Vietnam and the Networks

Sirs:

John Gregory Dunne is undoubtedly right that the TV networks have done a poor job of cutting through to the fundamental issues of the war in Vietnam ("The Networks on Vietnam," Jan. 8). But from his own attempt to define the relevant questions, however, I would conclude that we would not be much better off with Mr. Dunne on the question firing-line. The most striking of many instances of his missing the boat is in his mention of an estimated 10,000 political dissenters exterminated in North Vietnam, "which accounts for, in the ironic words of Professor John Roche. . . Ho Chi Minh's 'high standing in the hearts of his people, that consensus which some observers have found so moving'." This quip obscures the fact that many more than 10,000 political dissenters have been killed in South Vietnam, and "unnumbered thousands of anti-Communist political prisoners" have filled its concentration camps (*The New Republic*, March 12, 1962), without establishing any kind

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of mass support for Diem or his successors. In commenting on US and Saigon efforts at counter-insurgency in North Vietnam, Hanson Baldwin stated: "As Mao Tse-tung has written, the guerrilla, to be successful, must swim like a fish in the sea of a friendly population. The populace of North Vietnam, as the few expeditions across the truce lines have shown, is unlikely to be friendly." (*New York Times*, February 6, 1964.) The relevant question, then, is how was Ho Chi Minh able to establish a consensus in North Vietnam with a death rate for political dissenters lower than that in South Vietnam, whose population has been a "friendly sea" to anti-government guerrillas?

Edward S. Herman
Philadelphia, Penna.

The Arts in Britain

Sirs:

In "Crusade for the Arts in Britain" (January 1), Margaret Wechsler suggests that participation in the arts may ultimately be an indispensable activity for contending with the "pressures of leisure" in a cybernetic society. Although she writes of developments in England, her conclusion has universal application.

It is a happy paradox that the agencies which stimulate and distribute art are less vulnerable to cybernation than science and industry; in fact, jobs are appearing in a gamut of art-supporting occupations ranging from arts secretaries to salesmen to directors of cultural centers. Our experience at Tamarind (a Ford Foundation-financed organization for the stimulation and preservation of the art of the lithograph) reveals that there is serious absence of managerial connective tissue between artist and art consumer. Without such people offering support, any of the arts can die. . . .

At Tamarind we were obliged to go beyond training printers and artists to training curators, writers, teachers, studio managers, and sales personnel to work in art galleries. Our small field alone has at least another dozen job categories that we can describe but for which no training exists. . . .

The biggest roadblock to finding such personnel is the lack of course offerings on the traditional college campus, which still assumes that the fine arts student can do little but teach. There are, in fact, unimagined career possibilities for art-oriented students if only they are encouraged to cross over in the curriculum into such areas as business management, sales theory and techniques, promotion and journalism. To accomplish this, there is a crying need for closer collaboration between the producers and dispensers of art and the educators who must provide the training ground for such personnel. . . .

June Wayne, Director
Tamarine Lithography Workshop
Los Angeles, Calif.

Margaret Wechsler's description of Britain's Crusade for the Arts was informative, stimulating for at least some American adaptation, and yet contains a warning.

In her last paragraph, Miss Wechsler makes a passionate pitch for the place of the arts in the lives of the "large numbers of young, educated and healthy people as well as the aging forced to contend with the pressures of leisure," when more and more will be paid for working fewer or no hours per week while goods and services multiply.

The article, however, it seemed to me, reveals Centre 42 as only supplying another service – a cultural service to be sure – but only a service.

There is general agreement among psychologists and psychiatrists that in an increasingly automated society, man needs an opportunity to play his own flute, to paint his own picture, to dance his own dance, at least as much as the opportunity to see plays, to hear music, to see pictures. Man needs to *do* at least as much as to be done to.

Throughout America there are innumerable organizations, administered largely if not entirely by volunteers, offering to adults and children instruction – good instruction taught by professionals – in music, art, dramatics, the dance. These organizations are taxed beyond their makeshift capacities, beyond their damp basements and leaky attics, because so many – young and old, even rich and poor – want to sculpt, to etch, to play the cello or the French horn.

To date, *no* government or foundation funds are available to these organizations so that they can meet the demands their communities make of them. Scholarship funds increase demands – instructors very often hold classes in their own homes.

Can *The New Republic* point out to planners in government and in foundations what has so far been unrecognized?

Mrs. Max H. Schwartz
Woodridge, Conn.

Watch Out, Whitey

Sirs:

One thing which Lewis Yablonsky ("Watch Out, Whitey," January 1) seems incapable of understanding, is that the juvenile delinquent gangs are feared and hated in the Negro community itself. One of the most common complaints against the urban police department is that it does not give Negroes protection against the depreda-

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tions of the Negro gangs; white cops protect white lives and property. This means the police only come into the ghetto to arrest Negroes who attack whites or their property, not to protect Negroes from Negroes. The gangs are not, as Mr. Yablonsky seems to believe, the "freedom fighters" or representatives of the ghetto. And the solutions to the problems of the ghetto do not involve treating with the gangs as though they were the guerrilla-leaders of a "Black Viet Cong" representing the people. They prey on the people fully as much as the white "power structure," and efforts of white sociologists to negotiate with the gangs and to maintain racial peace by placating them, are intensely frustrating to the non-delinquent Negroes who find themselves at the mercy of gangs which often exercise a de-facto rule over the ghetto, in the absence of the "law and order" so verbally prized by the white society. Here in Oakland, the motorcycle gangs of young adult Negroes terrorize large areas of East Oakland (our Watts), and the Oakland Police Dept. responds to requests for aid with such classic comments as "What's the matter, stud, aren't you man enough to protect your own property?" and "We got enough trouble keeping you monkeys in your cage, without we have to clean the cage too." Articles such as Mr. Yablonsky's serve to add prestige to these gangs of hate-filled, violent, kicks-crazy hoods. If these gangs were white, and therefore not subject to social scrutiny, they would be relegated to the criminal status they deserve; because they are of a depressed minority, they are given a status which can only flatter their own pitifully weak ego, and add to their urge to assault the "square" world, black and white.

Thomas J. Cummins
Oakland, California

Diplomacy

Sirs:

I congratulate Mr. Henry Fairlie for his article on "America – 1965" (January 1). Mr. Fairlie's skill (disingenuousness?) in avoiding a single reference to the Vietnamese issue eminently matches "the political genius" he attributes to the American people. . . .

Stanley Plastrik
New York, N. Y.

Congressman Lincoln

Sirs:

Patriots opposed to the anti-Vietnam war groups will be interested to know Abraham Lincoln bitterly opposed our war with Mexico. As a first-term Congressman, Lincoln made a blistering attack on the President of the United States, James Polk, claiming that the government had started the war "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally."

Lincoln made these charges while the war was raging and men were dying in the battlefield. His courageous stand was bitterly attacked in Washington and back home. He called for an investigation through the "Spot Resolution." For this, he was called "Spotty Lincoln." Lincoln was never again elected to Congress.

Paul Duling
Westport, Conn.

Psychiatry and the Age

Sirs:

Joost A. M. Meerloo is a man of obvious gentility and tolerance. I wish it were as possible to praise his intellectual point of view, as he reveals it in his discussion "Psychiatry Comes of Age" (*The New Republic*, January 8, 1966). Alas, it is not, and I was sorry to see that Meerloo has finally succumbed to the mounting opportunistic pragmatism of professional psychology. . . .

"Had I used the term *eclectic psychiatry* some ten years ago, my colleagues would have looked down their noses not only at me but at all other men working in the vineyard without benefit of orthodox principles." Here Meerloo is referring to his psychoanalytic colleagues, and by "orthodox principles," Meerloo means a commitment to theory and theory construction, which psychoanalysts are known by to the rest of the mental-health movement. But it must be that Meerloo has traded in one group of colleagues for another; psychoanalysts, over the past ten years, have not become disenchanted with their evolving analytic theory of personality and therapy, though it may be true that they have become more isolated from the general endeavors of eclectic psychiatry.

"The eclecticist dares to venture into the unknown and climb the long steep path without the crutch of a theory." Consistent with the increase in eclectism, Meerloo notes that psychiatric writing has become simpler.

As an editor in the profession, I think it is more accurate to say that psychiatric writing has become more simplistic, that mere metabolism is replacing that laborious mentation of former years. And as a practitioner, I find that the long steep path is now being climbed by many of my colleagues without the benefit of a map. . . .

Donald M. Kaplan
New York, N. Y.

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